

*Persons whose nerves are in any way out of gear should not pick hair." observed well-known specialist in nervous diseases to a Star reporter, "and, indeed, I am almost willing to go further and to say that they should not handle mattresses or pillows stuffed with hair. The tactile nerves. the nerves that are located in the ends of the fingers, seem to be specially affected by handling of hair or animal wools of any kind. Many good housewives do themselves great injury in picking hair in the repair or alteration of mattresses, and, while they think they will save money by out that, besides the personal suffering in onsequence, they pay out many times in doctors' and medicine bills what they save from the mattress makers. I know of some persons, men more frequently than women, however, who would be thrown into nervous spasms if they were compelled to handie velvet for fifteen minutes; that is, to handle it on the fuzzy or velvety side. Those who are unpleasantly affected by velvet know it and therefore avoid it as

"The general belief that a locomotive engineer is not of much good after a collision or big accident of any kind," explained a locometive engineer to a Star reporter, "is an erroneous one, and this in consequence of the railroad novelists and story writers' work. Some of the earlier ones of that guild got into that error and those who have followed have kept it up. That a stive engineer has grit and has to have it in his calling is an acknowledged. fact. It is just as necessary as a knowllact. It is just as necessary as a knowledge of the machine that he operates. A locomotive, like a well-bred horse, will not do its best work unless the driver of it has sand in him. The idea that because a man plays into hard lack once, but gets out of it in good enough shape to work, he is to be shelved for the rest of his life is all nonsense, and there are denials of it by the hundreds. Many of America's best locomotive engineers today are men who omotive engineers today are men who ave met with accidents, and serious ones, They give but little thought to what too. They give but little thought to what is behind them, devoting all their energies to what is ahead of them. In my own case I don't think because I have had several collisions that I am more careful or careless. I simply do not give them any thought, any more than I do to the coal we burned yesterday.

"The demand for distilled water has grown so much of late that it is impossible.

grown so much of late that it is impossible, with the present plants, to supply it," said the superintendent of a department building to a Stav reporter, "and the demand for the past two weeks, since the Potomac water has been so muddy, has simply been enormous. The distillation of water is an incident in connection with running the heating apparatus and the dynamos for lighting. Ordinarily the distilled water was allowed to run off into the sewer, but of late years it is saved. Of course, there is a considerable use for it, for drinking purposes for the clerks and employes. Besides this, demijohn after demijohn is given away to ertain persons-officials and others-whose touses are supplied with it. The run on houses are supplied with it. The run on the city pumps for drinking water has been very large recently. The forethought of the District authorities in having artesian wells dug throughout the city has been very thoroughly indorsed, for without them I do not see how the people would have been supplied with drinking water. There are any number of filters on the market, many of which are excellent, and all of them better than none, but somehow the public does not take thoroughly to filters. It will, however, in time, for in the matter of drinking water the eye has to be pleased as well as the palate. Even with filters generally introduced there is a demand for distilled water, for the germ and hacflius theorists have managed to scare thousands into the necessity of using distilled water, for distilled water, appears and scales. thousands into the necessity of using dis-tilled water alone for drinking purposes, and to furnish this there will eventually have to be built a big public distilling plant in every city."

* * * * *
They sat in the street car togetherthe dog-and all of the passengers looked at them. She was a little girl of twelve, with flaxen, curly hair, her curls falling down around her shoulders. She was unconscious and unconcerned of all else save the dog. He was a hairy, dirty-looking terrier of the Scotch variety, but he had wound himself around her heart. He licked her hands, wagged his tall and with little whines tried to thank her for something she had evidently done for him. She looked pleased with these manifestapatted him on the back and once or twice slyly hugged him in a childlike man-ner. She didn't even giance around fur-tively to see if her caresses were noticed by the others in the car.

the others in the car.

The conductor saw the passengers watching the child and her pet, and said to several of the men: "She got on at 22d street, and I reckon she has taken her dog out of the pound. That's where all of them get on when they have been down to get out their pets." Then a man asked the girl about the dog and she answered: "The old mean dog catcher caught him the other mean dog catcher caught him the other day, and mother didn't have the money to give me to pay him out until today. I got down there just in time to keep poor little Trick from being killed, didn't I, Trick?" whereupon the dog violently moved his tail and a tear came in the little girl's eyes. "Trick is all I've got to play with," she continued with child-like simplicity, "and if he had been killed I would just as leave have died. Mother has to work hard for us, but she knows that Trick is the best and goodest little dozgie, in all the world. and goodest little doggle in all the world, and she got the money somehow." There was a strong indication of mois-

There was a strong indication of mois-ture in the eyes of several passengers when she had concluded. The tenderness with which she treated the unkempt-looking cur carried every man and woman back to the days when they possessed the same feel-

The Man With the Hoe.



My wife is a jewel-see, a new footscraper to save carpets.'



One Man Who Will Not Throw Things Out Any More.

The drummer sitting next to the window was about to throw his eigar stub out when the drummer opposite put up a restraining

"Don't throw it out of the window." he said quietly, but with firmness. "Why not? What's the difference?" asked

the other, somewhat annoyed by the tone of reproof apparent in the other man's voice. Listen, and I will tell you a story," said the older drummer, smiling in a kindly way that smoothed the other's ruffled feelings. that smoothed the other's ruffled feelings.

"When I was about your age, which I should say was twenty-five years ago, I was accustomed to throw my cigar stubs out of the car window, but I had an experience one time that made me change my custom. We were flying along through Ohio one day and I had the last seat in the last car of a day train between Columbus and Pittsburg. The car was crowded with men going to some kind of a big political meeting at Steubenville, and everybody was smoking. I was puffing away with the ical meeting at Steubenville, and everybody was smoking. I was puffing away with the others, and when my cigar was smoked up I gave it one final draw and tossed it far out of the window. As it left my hand I noticed beside the track below us a dozen men grouped around something or other I could not tell what. An instant later, and when we were two or three hundred yards away, there was a flash and a muffled report and the group of workmen was scattered in every direction. The train was stopped and backed up, when we found that a keg of powder for blasting purposes, which they had opened and were distributing to each man, had mysteriously exploded, blowing them in every direction. As it ing to each man, had mysteriously exploded, blowing them in every direction. As it happened nobody was killed, but all were more or less burned and shocked, and I knew too well to say anything about it, innocent though I was, that it was my cigar stub that had by the merest chance dropped into the keg and set the powder off. I said nothing then or for years afterward about it, but two days later, to satisfy my suspicions. I visited the place, and in the branches of a tree almost overhanging the spot I found the remnants of a cigar stub, torn and powder burnt, and I doubted no lenger."

THE MAN WITH THE HOE.

enger.

He's Quite Different From the One in Markham's Poem.

He was an intelligent-looking man, well dressed, clean shaven, and seemed to be quite at home amid the handsome surroundings of the hotel in which the reporter met him. That he had had champagne for dinner was apparent in the sparkle of his eye and the superfluency of his speech. The clerk had told the reporter he was a prominent Illinois farmer, and might be a good party to interview.
"Do I," he said when he had settled for

a talk, "look like I had the emptiness of ages in my face?"

The reporter did not reply, because he thought the man was going on with his

remarks. "I ask you, do I?" he repeated.

The reporter hastened to assure him that as far as he could see he did not. "Do I seem to be bearing on my back the burden of the world?"

reporter.

"Would you think that anybody had loosened and let down my jaw?"

The reporter thought that perhaps the champague might have done so, but he didn't say it. He merely shook his head.

"And has anybody slanted back my brow, that you can notice?" the man went on.

"Not in the least."

"Or has anybody's breath blown out the light within my brain?"

"Never a blow," said the reporter.

"Do I strike you as stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?"

"Anything but that," admitted the reporter. "But why are you asking me all these questions?"

"I'll tell you. I raised on my farm in Illinois last year 19,000 bushels of wheat, 12,000 bushels of oats, 40,000 bushels of corn and 1,000 head of cattle, to say nothing of other stuff and stock, and I'm just back from a European trip. Now, what I want to know is if Markham knew what he was talking about when he wrote 'The Man With the Hoe.'"

A Thorough Scholar.

There is a boy in one of the Washington schools, who, though he may never be a great statesman and diplomat, may be something equally great in some other de partment of human endeavor. He is studying history at present, and a day or two ago he made a record in the class. He responded promptly when called upon. "What do you know about the Clayton

Bulwer treaty?" inquired the teacher. "Nothing," responded the boy with superh

"Is that all?" said the teacher sarcastically.
"I couldn't very well know any less about

it, could I?" he replied as if he were hurt by her insinuation. The teacher didn't like his manner.

"What do you mean, sir?" she asked becoming somewhat caloric under the neck-line.

"I mean that I know nothing at all about

it." That is no explanation, sir."

"That is no explanation, sir."

"I beg your pardon, miss; don't you always tell us that whatever we do we must do thoroughly?"

"Of course, but—."

"Well, I couldn't see through it when I looked it over, so I thought I would be as thorough as I could and know nothing at all about it. I couldn't know much less than nothing about it, could I, miss?"

"Um—er," she hesitated, "you may take your seat. I would like to see you after school a few moments."

Japan's Lightning Burglar, From the Chicago Record.

An extraordinary criminal, known as Sa kamoto Keijiro, and famed in Japan as the "lightning burglar," is now awaiting the decree of the court of cassation, to which his case was carried upon his condemnation by the lower courts. He was convicted some time ago and sentenced to death, the indictment comprising thirty-one different counts, all of which had been proved against him. Some had involved murder against him. Some had involved murder as well as robbery, and all had involved violence. After the court of appeal had confirmed the judgment against him, and while his case was still before the court of cassation, Sakamoto appears to have decided that death was inevitable, and he confessed. In addition to the thirty-one crimes charged up to him he confessed to forty others, including two murders, eighteen robberies accomplished by means of cutting and wounding and twenty others achieved by intimidation with deadly weapons. The "lightning burgiar," who gained his name from the rapidity with which he conducted his operations in Saltama and Chiba prefectures, thus goes to his doom with a total of seventy-one crimes.

The Legal Wax

From the Chicago Tribune. "Before I agree to undertake your de fense," said the eminent criminal lawyer who had been called in, "you will have to perfectly frank with me and tell me the whole truth. Did you embezzle the twenty housand dollars you are accused of having

"Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "I'll "Yes, sir," replied the accused man. "Til not attempt to conceal the fact from you. I stole every cent of it."

"How much of it have you still?"

"It's all gone but about ten dollars."

"Young man," said the eminent lawyer, buttoning his gloves, "you'd better plead guilty and throw yourself on the mercy of the court."

the court"
"I'll do it if you say so, sir. What are
you going to charge me for the advice?"

The man who, while he never forgets faces, cannot always remember the names of the owners thereof, has some mournful experiences. He is like a chip tossed hither go on for an hour or so concealing the fact that she has forgotten the name of the per-

A man with a bad memory for names but an acute memory for faces was sitting in a corner of a 14th street car the other afternoon, idly wondering why it is that not one woman out of twenty today has her shoes blackened or polished nicely, no matter how elaborately she may be gotten up otherwise, when a superb creature zwept into the car, getting on at K street. She recognized the man in the corner of the car instantly, and he recognized her face without being precisely able for ten seconds or so to place it. But they exchanged amiable smiles, and she took the only vacant seat in the car, which happened to be beside the man who couldn't exactly place her on the instant. By the time she had sat fown and arranged her skirts, however, the words "Martha's Vineyard" flashed through his mind, and he remembered all about her—that is, everything except her name. He had met her at a Martha's Vineyard hotel last summer, and they had been real close to an eye flirtation when the man was suddenly called away on business. He remembered that she was in Martha's Vineyard without her husband, although he was quite positive that she was a "Mrs." and he struggled valiantly as he exchanged commonplaces with her in the car, mingled with reminiscences of little matters at Martha's Vineyard during the time they were both there, to remember her name. The embarrassing feature of it was that she had recalled his name as soon as she bowed to him, and she had a huge bulge on him in consequence.

"What a charming view we had from that old hotel un at the Viewer had form that

to him, and she had a huge bulge on him in consequence.

"What a charming view we had from that old hotel up at the Vineyard, did we not, Mr. Pitapat?" she asked him.

"Surely we did, ah-er-Mrs.—um-ta-umph—one of the finest views along the Atlantic coast, I verily believe."

"By Jove," he was saying to himself all the time, "I would give a million dollars if I could remember this magnificent woman's name—let's see-Biffkins, Baffkins, Buffins—no, don't believe it begins with a B at all—Turley, Tarley, Tumley—durn the luck, anyhow, I believe I am getting paresis—"

"See, the crocuses are beginning to peep forth already," said the ravishing creature, whose name the man couldn't remember, pointing to the flower beds in Thomas Circle.

"So they are, Mrs.—er-ah—um-te-time."

"So they are, Mrs,-er-ah-um-te-tumall of the queer sounds coming after the "Mrs." being simply subdued vocal spasms and make believes. Finally, when the car was 'way up Mt. Finally, when the car was 'way up Mt. Pleasant, the man suddenly thought of her name. A triumphant light came into his eye, and he said:

eye, and he said:
"Mrs. Passout are you thinking of return-ing to Martha's Vineyard this coming sum-

"Yes," she said, graciously, "but I trust you will permit me to request that you address me by a name that I recognize."

The man almost collapsed in his seat.

"Isn't Passout the-er-right-I thought-"

"Oh, yes, I was Mrs. Passout; but I have got my decree since I met you last, and I am now Miss Birthright again, and it recalls harrowing memories to be called Passout."

"The next time I can't recall a name instantly," reflected the man, "I'm just going to own up to it, and ask him or her his or her name."

TAKING THE CHANCES.

It is Always Wise to Be Prepared for

burden of the world?"

"You carry it very lightly if you do," smiled the reporter.

"Would you say that I was dead to rapture and despair, a thing that grieves not and that never hopes?"

"Not unless I was a liar," ventured the reporter.

"Would you think that anybody had loosened and let down my law?"

It is Always Wise to Be Prepared for Emergencies.

"I've been making a trip through Kentucky," said the deputy marshal, "and I overheard a conversation in a country store one day that amused me not a little and at the same time showed how the sense loosened and let down my law?" of 'honor' prevails among all classes in that chivalrous though anti-modern state. I had stopped at a cross roads store to get a bit of crackers and cheese for lunch, and while eating it off a keg of nails two women came in. They were, as the clerk informed me later, sisters, and had married respectively Mr. Thomas Culler and Mr. James Higgins, local farmers among the foot holls. After the usual salutations the elder of the women asked to see some dress goods. ss goods.
'What kind?' inquired the clerk,

"Black caliker," sald Mrs. Culler.
"The clerk threw three pieces down on

counter. 'What's the price?' asked Mrs. Higgins. "What's the price? asked Mrs. Higgins.
"Eight, ten and twelve and a half cents."
I ain't shore we want it, said Mrs. C..
and I don't want to buy it now, but will
you save fifteen yards of it for four or five
days, or p'r aps a week?
"I'm afraid we couldn't do that,' demurred the clark. We are pretty sure to

"I'm afraid we couldn't do that,' demurred the clerk. 'We are pretty sure to have it any time you want it."

"Well, we don't want to take no more resk than we can help,' explained Mrs. Culler; 'you see. Jim called Tom a liar this mornin' in the corn field and one of us is purty shore to be needln' a black dress before the week's out. I used to keep a black dress pattern in the house so's to have it handy, but things has been so peaceable for the last four or five years I plumb got out of the way of it. Of course, if you can't keep it, you can't, but I hope to goodness you won't git out before sis or me knows which one of us has got to git a new dress."

"At last accounts neither Mrs. Culler nor At last accounts neither Mrs. Culier nor Mrs. Higgins was in mourning, and I fancy their respective husbands had sunk their differences in the picturesque and perturbed politics of the state."

A Left-Handed Shake. Boston Globe.

State Senator Frank W. Maynard of New Hampshire has just returned to his home in Nashua from Louisville, Ky., where he attended the annual convention of the Merchant Tailors' National Exchange. He arrived in Kentucky just after the shooting of Mr. Goebel and witnessed the excite-ment which followed. During his stay in Louisville he was introduced to Col. Jack Chinn, and he tells an amusing story of

their meeting.

"We were introduced," said Senator Maynard, "by a mutual friend, and I noticed that Col. Chinn extended his left hand to me. At the time I thought it a bit queer, but after I saw him do the same thing with several other men I came to the conclusion that he was left-handed. Perhaps my face indicated my surprise at his manner of shaking hands, for he turned to me a few minutes later and remarked:

"You have noticed, perhaps, that I shake hands with my left hand? Well, we have grown accustomed to that during the past few days. You see, we like to keep our right hands close to our pistol pockets just now." their meeting.

A Lesson in Punctuation.

From the Cleveland Plain Dealer. A high school girl said to her father the other nights

"Daddy, I've got a sentence here I'd like to have you punctuate. You know some hing about punctuation, don't you?" "A little," said her cautious parent, as he ook the slip of paper she handed him.

This is what he read:
"A five-dollar bill flew around the co He studied it carefully.

"Well," he finally said, "I'd simply put period after it like this."

"I wouldn't," said the high school girl. "I wouldn't," said the high school girl,
"I'd make a dash after it!"

Danger Flag.

From the Chicago News. "Cawn't imagine why the boss gets so furious when I wear a red vest," drawled the young man who chalks market quota-

the young man who chaiks market quota-tions on a blackboard.
"You can't, Eddie?" responded the clerk from upstairs. "Well, you are slow. Don't you know buils can't bear red? Work for a bear and wear anything you like." Anti-Climax

from the Philadelphia Press. "My proudest boast," declared the lec turer, who expected his statem greeted with cheers, "is that I was one of the men behind the guns!"
"How many miles behind?" piped a voice from the gallery.

HE GOT THE WRONG NAME THE WAIL, OF A CLERK WHEN THE RING IS NEW

over an evening blpe, I get to wondering whether I've got any tight to go on living and breathing or not. These are the times and you on the bosom of a tempestuous when I and my tribe—other folks who work sea. It is a dismal thing to be compelled to make believe that you remember the name of the person with whom you are talking of the person with whom you are talking of tambles, of the gentlemen on familiar terms, and men generally make a sad hash of it. A woman, however, can the Capitol. I don't believe that the really wise heads up to the control of the control o wise heads up at the Capitol are agin us, There are numerous national legislators who seem to take it for granted that we son with whom she is conversing, and the latter will never suspect the nameless niche she occupies in the memory of the dissembler.

A man with a bad memory for names but that, taken in bulk, we're a fairly competent bunch of public servants. But then, again, there are slews of chaps who are entitled to vote in one or the other of the wings of the big domed building who are down on us from away back, on general principles or no principles, and these take periodical whacks at us for general results. I read The Star's report of a speech made in the House of Representatives by one of these legislators a while back. As I read it I found myself trying to figure out whether I ought to be classed with all around crooks, boarding-house sneaks and jail birds, just because I happened to be in receipt of semi-monthly pay at the hands of Uncle Sam. Really, I couldn't exactly see that I figured as a criminal, or a drone, or a parasite, or a barnacle, as this legislator practically said that I and all the rest of the government clerks did. The view this man expressed appears to be that of a lot of backwoodsmen, who get them selves elected to come to Washington. They're agin the government clerk from the minute that they put foot in this town. They never miss a trick when they get a chance to stand up and shout about what a no-account, incompetent, cheap, lazy, grasping, parasitic, hanging-on, utterly worthless crowd government clerks, are. The government's clerical work has got to be done, hasn't it? There've got to be government clerks, haven't there? I wonder if these Reubenville exhorters who break into Congress and immediately begin to apply the stuffed club and the slapstick to the 'whole tribe of departmental parasites and barnacles'—that's one of their pet phrases—imagine that the work of the government is performed, or could be performed, by a gang of idle, shrking sybarites,

apply the stuffed club and the slapstick to the 'whole tribe of departmental parasites and barnacles'—that's one of their pet phrases—imagine that the work of the government is performed, or could be performed, or could be performed, by a gang of idle, shirking sybarites, whose one ambition in life is to get their names on the pay roll when the disbursing clerk's assistant comes around with it. The truth of the matter is that the government's work is done darned well, nor are the people who do it overpaid one-fifteenth of 1 per cent, either. The work that the average \$1.200-per-annum clerk is called upon to do is of a sort that would be worth considerably more than \$100 a month in the business world. I know men in the government departments who are performing for \$1,500 or so a year a character of headwork that men not in the government service receive \$5,000, or year a character of headwork that men not in the government service receive \$5,000, or year for performing—and these are the kind of public servants who come in for the Hayville congressmen's periodical roasts, and get themselves alluded to by the latter as 'public leeches,' and 'pap feeders,' and 'barnacles upon the body politic,' and 'office-holding pinheads,' and that sort of thing. There are a whole lot of desks in the departmental buildings of this town that these vituperative critics from Painted Post or Zebedee's Cross Roads coudn't hold down for twenty minutes without making holy shows of themselves, and the clerks who are holding them down today get from \$100 to \$150 for their loyal labors.

"Nine out of ten of them earn every Tien-Tsin tael that is coming to them, and lots of them earn three or four times as much as they get. It would simply astonish some folks to know how many veteran, seasoned, devoted and faithful clerks of the adjutant general's office of the war department, for example, turned up their toes and actually died from the tremendous amount of labor they essayed to perform during the progress of the Spanish war.

"The introduc been hurdened with their speeches on the subject, forwarded to constituents who know as much about the civil service of the United States government as they do about the whereabouts of Andree or the whenceness of the man who slugged Billy Pattersight, you know—but that he thought he civil make the civil service of the control of the civil service of the control of the civil service of the control of the civil service of the c

"I'm a man getting on toward sixty years of age. I came to Washington and went to work for the government as a clerk early in the seventies. I've done my work right up to the handle, paid my bills as I've gone along, raised a pretty large family, and, in general, I've been a pretty decent sort of a citizen of this republic. If I had devoted the same time and energy to a private business enterprise as I have to the government service in the course of the past twenty-five years or so, I'd be on velvet now, and ready to settle back for a comfortable old age. But I'm not on velvet. It has cost me all of my government wages to bring my family up and keep 'em going. Now, do you think it would be the real thing for the United States government to pick me up by the scruff of the along, raised a pretty large family, and, in ment to pick me up by the scruff of the neck and pitch me into the street after my neck and pitch me into the street after my quarter of a century's service and more? Well, I'm not in the habit of sympathizing with myself to the accompaniment of slow music on the E string—but I'm bound to say that I think the United States government would be a mean, cheap and measly outfit if it did anything of the sort. Does any respectable business house or corporaany respectable business house or corpora-tion throw its employes of twenty or twen-ty-five years' standing out into the cold world? Not that I ever heard of. It is right here that the clerks' retirement fund omes in. Cops are pensioned, after a certain number of years' service, and so are firemen. Well, I've always striven to be as truly good as the average policeman or fireman, anyhow, and I think I ought to be the recipient of as fair treatment as either of them, don't you?"

A Simple Remedy for Insomnia.

A well-known New York physician, while ecently speaking to the writer of the various methods of inducing sleep, said: "I've tried them all-putting a cold towel on the head, bathing the feet in hot water, counting up to 1,000, drinking a glass of milk and so on-and the best thing I ever found was simply this: When I have worked all was simply this: When I have worked all the evening and find myself at bedtime in a state of nervousness or mental activity I go to bed and place my right hand directly over the pit of my stomach. Whether it is the animal warmth of the hand acting on the stomach and drawing the circulation from the head or some nervous action I can't say, but I know that I fall asleep in a few minutes. I believe that in a large majority of the ordinary cases of sleeplessness this simple remedy will prove effective. I have recommended it to many patients and they report surprising success."



Scene Snuggery of Etheldreda Richps "Sometimes," sald aidepartmental clerk, whose engagement has been announced in the papers. Etheldreda, reclining on rosethe papers. Etheldreda, reclining on rose-pink couch, is reading "Heart-to-Heart Talks With Engaged Girls" in a monthly publication, which she holds upside down. Etheldreda (solus)—They'll all be flocking in, of course, and asking me all about

it. As if I'd tell them! (Enter Imogene, Alberta and Edwyne, all visibly excited, and pointing reproachful fingers at Etheldreda.)

The Three Oh, you sly thing, you! And none of us knew a word about it! Oh, what a mouse! You didn't so much as

Etheldreda-Why, how stupid you all are! Seorge has been— The Three—Yes, but who in the wide world would ever have thought that you'd

ot even whisper to us—
Etheldreda—How could I, when I didn't—
Imogene—What did he say?
Alberta—Did he tell you that you were the
unity girl he even.

Alberta—Pat he comply girl he ever—
Edwina—Did he go on his knees like Faersham does in—
ersham does in—
Etheidreda—Sillies! you all know that
Etheidreda—Sillies! matter-of-fact old thing

n the—
The Three—Begin at the beginning and
tell us just exactly how it happened, and
lon't skip a word for worlds! When did

Etheldreda-Oh, two weeks ago last Thursday, and—
The Three—Mercy on us, and we've seen you every day, and you didn't so much as let on that anything of the kind was like-

let on that anything of the kind was likely to—

Etheldreda—But, you see, George had to go away on business, and he wanted to be here to receive his congratulations, so we arranged it that the announcement shouldn't be made until he returned from—Imogene—How many times a day did he write and telegraph while he was—Alberta—Seems a trifle odd, doesn't it, that he could find the heart to go away for any old business matter just after—Edwyna—But you haven't told us how he popped the—Etheldreda—Edwyna Bigcoin, how can you employ such a perfectly horrid phrase! Now, there wasn't anything romantic about it at all. George and I went to the reception at the art gallery—auntic chaperoned us—and while auntie was lost—George solemnly avers that he didn't intentionally lose her, but he is awfully deep in some ways—why, he—

The three—You don't mean to say that he proposed at a crowded reception, in all the glare of—
Etheldreda—Well, there wasn't any pier

glare of— Etheldreda—Well, there wasn't any pier to walk out to the end of, and George didn't get up on a chair and shout it all at me, and— The Three—But there are lots of quiet lit-

The Three—But there are lots of quiet lit-tle corners at the art gallery, and— Etheldreda—Oh, we knew that, and may-be we didn't find them all while we were pretending to hunt for auntie! George seemed to have a chart of the whole build-ing right in his memory, and we might as well have been in the middle of No Man's Land when he—

Land when he—
The Three—When he asked you! Now, tell

The Three—When he asked you! Now, tell us just exactly what he—
Etheldreda—Oh, he didn't call me the light of his life, or his ideal, or the dream of his soul, or the pulse of his existence, or anything so stupid—
The Three—Stupid! Why, Etheldreda Richpa, how can you say such—
Etheldreda—He, simply asked me if I'd have him, and I said yes. So there, now! Imogene—I don't believe one word of it! Alberta—Story-teller!
Edwyna—It's dreadfully mean of you to try to evade telling us!
Etheldreda—Of course, he told me that he thought he liked me some, and—
The Three—Liked you some! Why, the idea! Is that all he—
Etheldreda—Well—er—he might have been even a little more emphatic—I don't remember—
The Three (deprecatingly)—Sheddesy't re-

even a little more emphatic—I don't remember—

The Three (deprecatingly)—She doesn't remember! As if any girl is liable to forget a single, teentsy-weentsy word that—
Etheldreda—I believe he said something about liking me some ever since he was a boy in knickerbockers and I a little girl with a pig-tail and aprons, and—
The Three—How funny! Men are such frightful dissimulators! When he was thinking about marbles and tops and kites—Stheldreda (sternly)—George is the most truthful man that ever lived! Well, then, he said that he'd never cared very much for girls, but that—
The Three (exchanging glances)—Well, he mayn't have cared really for that mysterious countess at the beach last summer—horrid thing!—but if he dien't, why, he took a queer method of.—
Etheldreda (haughtily)—That will do, now! George has told me all about that. She was almost old enough to be his mether, and she had been frightfully abused by everybody, and George felt sorry for her—he is so chivalrous—and in spite of everything he acted nobly in trying to make it pleasant for the poor creature, who—
The Three (exchanging glances)—It was

eight, you know—but that he thought he could make me hap—
Imogene—But didn't he squeeze your hand and tell you that—
Alberta—Didn't he get all red and hoarse with—er—affection, and tell you that he

worshiped the air you—
Edwyna—Now, Etheldreda Richpa, you gullty creature, you know very well that he kissed you about five hundred— Etheldreda-I'm sure I didn't count the number of times he—

Interdeval—Im sure I didn't count the number of times he—
Imogene—And did he ask you if he was the first man you'd ever—er—let salute you? I've been told that all the poor, ignorant, benighted creatures ask that foolish question when they pro—
Alberta—And then they say that if they thought for a moment that any other lips but theirs had—
Edwyna—As if a girl had to wait with her hands in her lap for just one big, grown-up boy to come along and—
Etheldreda—He didn't ask me anything of the sort. If he had I'd have told him that he ought to be sufficiently contented to—

Imogene—Did he threaten to take pulver-ized glass if you refused him? Alberta—Or a solution of sulphur matches?

matches?
Edwyna—Or go and fight for the Boers?
Etheldreda—Nothing of the kind. There was no occasion for him to say anything like that. I—
The Three—You don't mean to say that you fell right into his arms and promised instanter to— Instanter to—
Etheldreda—Well, to hear you silly creatures talk you'd think I'd never had a sin-

gle, solitary chance in my whole— Imogene—Wouldn't he be whopping mad if he knew about the horrid way you jilted

if he knew about the horrid way you jiited poor Jack Quickcilp when—
Alberta—And what a desperate case you had with Tommy Spendswift last—
Edwyna—And how Eddie Pulptop went a-sighing out to Japan—
Etheldreda — Blackmailers! I told him everything—everything—that is—er—all that he had any right to—
The Three (rising) — Well, au revoir, Ethledredaful—we fervently hope you'll be happy—don't we, dears? George is an awfully nice old thing, countess or no countess, and he's got no end of—oh, does his mother know about it yet?
Etheldreda—Oh, yes, She spent the day with me yesterday.
The Three—How bored you must have been!

been!
Etheldreda—Bored? Why, she is one of the loveliest old lace-capped things I ever—The Three—Oh, yes; she wears lace caps, doubtless. Well, good-bye, dear, (Exit the Three.).
Etheldreda (solus)—Jealous things!
The Three (before entering their carriages)—Poor Etheldreda! She is so trustful, isn't she?
Imogene—it wasn't a hit like attentions.

Imogene—it wasn't a bit like the way
George proposed to n'el
Alberta—Nor to me!
Edwyna—Nor to me!

The Boers' Deadly Fire. From the London Leader.

Private Dutton writes of Magersfontein to his parents at Frodsham-bridge: "I was firing from behind a bit of bush, on my stomach for eleven hours. Every time I moved I was shot at. It was terrible, I moved I was shot at. It was terrible. I got away, dodging from bush to bush, until I was out of range of the Boers' shots. Three of us were behind a bush. A Black Watch man was shot in the neck. One of our officers crawled to him and bandaged him up. He crept back again, when he was shot in both hands; he got up and ran, and was shot in the leg."

Father—"That man should be an example to you, my son. He entered a store as office boy and worked himself up until in a few years he owned the business."

Son—"He could never do that in these days, pa, when they have cash registers."

Judge.



SPRING MILLINERY

Early Showing of the Latest Styles and Newest Ideas.

GREAT ABUNDANCE OF TULLE HATS

Contrasting Folds of Chiffon in Large Rosette Swirls.

BIG HATS WILL SURELY LEAD

(Copyright, 1900.) Special Correspondence of The Evening Star.

NEW YORK, March 1, 1900. Fashions in hats have been disclosed by the "openings" of the milliners whose prices are highest. Customers to whom cost is of small account have begun to buy. Each recent season has seen fashionables going in for spring millinery a bit earlier, and there were so many summery effects in winter headgear that the change to spring styles is not so long a step as usual. The accompanying pictures show types disclosed numerously in the openings and actually purchased by women. So they constitute as sound a prophecy of what will hold out at Easter as can be made at this time. Which of them will be downright popular it is impossible to say now, for in headgear styles the milliner, after all, only proposes and women choose for themselves from what

One of the first points of the display to make its impression is the abundance of tulle hats. Plainly the milliners believe that women are not tired of such. The new that women are not tired of such. The new ones are pretty, too, and show plainly to what great variety tulle may be formed. If one were to gush over these hats she'd style them poems of alry grace. Even where sober colors are used the light whirls of feathery material that make the hat convert it into something to write rhyme of if one has a tendency in that direction. The searcher will talk of tulle hats first, then will realize the beauties of flowers and tulle, and next will see that straw braid and tulle constitute a variation that demands attention. Then one becomes aware of a lovely crop of taffeta silk hats. Most of them, to be sure, are characterized by tulle embellishment, but they should be placed in the taffeta rather than the tulle class.

Newer Than Tulle.

Commanding attention as something newer than tulle, are the hair-fiber hats. These are as light as tulle, but less puffy-looking. The fiber is most stylish in natural linen gray and in black. It comes in many varieties of weave, is tucked and inlaid lace, straw or tulle. It is folded into becoming shape, held in place by a whacking big rhipestone buckle and supplied with character by a great rosette of colored velvet, or by a swagger bunch of plumes. The fiber is also tucked and made into shapes in the same way that taffeta is arranged. Mere straw now seems clumsy and almost coarse. Straw woven in openwork and lace, or used in narrow tapes and edges as delior used in narrow tapes and edges as deli-cate as lace bands, is more to the taste of

Folds of Snowy Crispness. White has been noticeable in millinery

all winter. Hats of frost-like purity have been the ambition of most makers. The same idea is carried out again, a pretty variation- being accomplished by mounting mere puffery of dainty tulle with a hat a mere punery or damity tune with a hat shape of openwork wiring. The wire is strung with crystal beads. The shape shows a low, peaked crown, and the brim is a series of lace-like points. Beyond these the tulle brim extends in fold on fold these the tulle brim extends in fold on fold of snowy crispness. Through the spaces of the wire the tulle foams up daintily. A great choux of crystal beaded tulle with a crystal aigrette for a center completes the design. Many shapes are used for this general idea. One is a jeweled collar or band with ends flaring back in a pair of glittering wings. This band is placed about the soft crown of a tulle-fold hat, the wings helping to support the swirls of tulle that form the elaboration of the hat. Wired straw is used in this same way. A pretty straw is used in this same way. A precty variation shows a straw hat, very open in weave, with a brim cut into long lace points. The hat is lined with tulle, the tulle

points. The hat is lined with tulle, the tulle showing through and extending in a series of soft folds just beyond the points.

Swirl Cheux and Funnel Bows.

The Spanish turban, with square crown and brim with upturned boxed edge, is a leading shape. When the Spanish brim is not used the trimming is laid in folds at the edge of the brim, so that the Spanish effect is produced. Almost all hats are trimmed high on one side, the trimming issuelly seeming to be a scarfing knotted at one side in a handsome choux. But there are all sorts of variations. A pleasing one shows the brim narrowed and bent trimmed high on one side, the trimming nsually seeming to be a scarfing knotted at one side in a handsome choux. But there are all sorts of variations. A pleasing folds of white one shows the brim narrowed and bent lace over tulla.

down near the front, as if crushed down by the soft folds there arranged. These folds are oftener four or five different whiris of tulie of chiffon, each of a delicate and contrasting color, all crushed together. Swirl choux and great foamy artificial flowers made of deftly turned folds of material are to be used, and the effects gained are wonderful. Tulie overlaid with folds of soft chiffon is rolled into a deephearted rose, and shows as many shades and as great beauty of color as the real flower might. Wonderful effects are secured in funnel bows where the swirl is elongated. At the heart a deep color shows, brightening to the edge. Sash ribbon is also used, and in panne velvet of sash width the size to which some of these whirl bows atfain would be astonishing had they not reached it gradually.

Tucked Facings and Strings.

Tucked Facings and Strings.

A hat very much like the Salvation Army bonnet, only that the brim lifts and flares more, is one of the few protests against the Spanish and the draped-scarf hat. This protest is classified as an empire bonnet. It comes usually in black veivet, with a little pointed or boxed crown, sometimes made very long. The brim narrows to nothing at the back and pokes shovel fashlon in front, flaring up from the hair. The under side is made becoming by facing of tuckings of chiffon in delicate color. Strings leave the back of the hat at either side of the crown and are chiffon, long and elaborated by shirrings and loopings. A pair of plumes nod rakishly from one side of the front, and the crown is often collared by several bands of narrow velvet or by folded chiffon to match the strings. Each band is fastened by a little flat bow, a tiny choux or a buckle. This is a typical empire bonnet, but there are lots of variations. Sailor hats made of tucked taffets silk will be trimmed with plaid lawn or silk handkerchiefs laid in loose folds on the brim and massed at one side in a choux. The trimmed sailor is sure to be a popular design. Just what the perfectly plain sailor will be no one knows yet, though the makers are looking wise. It's all a matter of luck. The makers get out designs, some one design "catches on," becomes "the" sailor, and then all the other makers turn in and copy it. It seems likely that Madras straw will figure in the sailor, and it is said that native weave graw from our new possessions is later to be exploited in walking and dress hats. July and August make the sailor hat permanent, so it is too early to be sure. The English walking shape has been so much improved that it seems sure of acceptance. By the one put in the accompanying pictures it is shown that its former uginess is overcome by the manner of trimming and by modification of shape. made very long. The brim narrows to nothing at the back and pokes shovel fash-

cation of shape. Needlework Effects Still.

Baby width black velvet is much used. It is run in rows on tulle, is wrapped around the crown and is made in tassles and bunches. As a rule black is the choice no matter what the color of the hat, but often velvet to match or of a deeper shade than the material of the hat is employed. Baby width satin ribbon run into shirring makes a dainty finish to the straw braid that is now laid on tulle or fiber. Small effects and much needlework make the big notions and characterize the season's fash-

tself to these combinations of materian a hat with crown of folded black ch in a hat with crown of roides brace a brim with Spanish edge of white t a brim with Spanish edge of white t a stitched in black and garniture of tulla choux overlaid crushed white tulle choux overlaid with black net. Pink in delicate rose shade, and clear baby turquoise blue are combined with black, along lines similar to the white and black ruching.

Hats Are Good Steed

Sizes are generous; indeed, the hat must give outline to the head. The tiny butterplate affair that was a mere incident in the head contour is never seen outside evening hats, and rarely there. While brims still come well down over brow and eyes, it can-not be said that the dip is still in vogue. Really the entire hat sets lower on the head than for many years, the brim being head than for many years, the brim being pretty near to the tops of the ears, as well as to the tops of the brows in many cases. Nor does the hat cock up at the back. Then the Spanish brim gives a look of generous size, when the head round itself may be rather small. The draped hats that are mere bunches of fiber cloth, stitched taffeta or chiffon stiffened with rows of straw or wire are all bulks. or wire, are all bulky. They may cant away off to one side, but they are never skimpy in outline. These drapery hats may be purchased ready made for very little

